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THE TRAGEDIE OF HAMLET, Prince of Denmarke.

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

Enter Barnardo and Francisco two Centinels.

Barnardo.
Ho's there?
Fran. Nay answer me: Stand & vnfold
your selfe.
Bar. Long liue the King.
Fran. Barnardo?

Bar. He.
Fran. You come most carefully vpon your houre.
Bar. 'Tis now strook twelue, get thee to bed *Francisco*.
Fran. For this releefe much thanks: 'Tis bitter cold,
And I am sicke at heart.

Barn. Haue you had quiet Guard?
Fran. Not a Moufe stirring.
Barn. Well, goodnight. If you do meet *Horatio* and
Marcellus, the Riuals of my Watch, bid them make hast.
Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Fran. I thinke I heare them. Stand: who's there?
Hor. Friends to this ground.
Mar. And Leige-men to the Dane.
Fran. Giue you good night.
Mar. O farwel honest Soldier, who hath relieu'd you?
Fra. *Barnardo* ha's my place: giue you goodnight.
Exit Fran.

Mar. Holla *Barnardo*.
Bar. Say, what is *Horatio* there?
Hor. A peece of him.
Bar. Welcome *Horatio*, welcome good *Marcellus*.
Mar. What, ha's this thing appear'd againe to night?
Bar. I haue seene nothing.
Mar. *Horatio* saies, 'tis but our Fantasie,
And will not let beleefe take hold of him
Touching this dreaded sight, twice seene of vs,
Therefore I haue intreated him along
With vs, to watch the minutes of this Night,
That if againe this Apparition come,
He may approue our eyes, and speake to it.
Hor. Tush, tush, 'twill not appeare.
Bar. Sit downe a while,
And let vs once againe assaile your eares,
That are so fortified against our Story,
What we two Nights haue seene.
Hor. Well, sit we downe,
And let vs heare *Barnardo* speake of this.
Barn. Last night of all,
When yond same Starre that's Westward from the Pole
Had made his course t'illumine that part of Heauen

Where now it burnes, *Marcellus* and my selfe,
The Bell then beating one.

Mar. Peace, breake thee of: *Enter the Ghost.*
Looke where it comes againe.

Barn. In the same figure, like the King that's dead.
Mar. Thou art a Scholler; speake to it *Horatio*.
Barn. Lookes it not like the King? Marke it *Horatio*.
Hor. Most like: It harrowes me with fear & wonder
Barn. It would be spoke too.

Mar. Question it *Horatio*.
Hor. What art thou that vsurp'st this time of night,
Together with that Faire and Warlike forme
In which the Maiesty of buried Denmarke
Did sometimes march: By Heauen I charge thee speake.

Mar. It is offended.
Barn. See, it stalkes away.
Hor. Stay: speake; speake: I Charge thee, speake.
Exit the Ghost.

Mar. 'Tis gone, and will not answer.
Barn. How now *Horatio*? You tremble & look pale:
Is not this something more then Fantasie?
What thinke you on't?
Hor. Before my God, I might not this beleefe
Without the sensible and true auouch
Of mine owne eyes.

Mar. Is it not like the King?
Hor. As thou art to thy selfe,
Such was the very Armour he had on,
When th' Ambitious Norway combatted:
So frown'd he once, when in an angry parle
He smot the fledged Pollax on the Ice.
'Tis strange.

Mar. Thus twice before, and iust at this dead houre,
With Martiall stalke, hath he gone by our Watch.

Hor. In what particular thought to work, I know not:
But in the grosse and scope of my Opinion,
This boades some strange eruption to our State.

Mar. Good now sit downe, & tell me he that knowes
Why this same strict and most obseruant Watch,
So nightly soyles the subiect of the Land,
And why such dayly Cast of Brazon Cannon
And Forraigne Mart for Implements of warre:
Why such impresse of Ship-wrights, whose sore Taske
Do's not diuide the Sunday from the weeke,
What might be toward, that this sweety haft
Doth make the Night ioynt-Labourer with the day:
Who is't that can informe me?

Hor. That can I,

That *Reynolds* and *Guildenstern* are dead:
Where should we haue our thanks?

Hor. Not from his mouth,
Had it th'abilitie of life to thanke you:
He neuer gaue command'ment for their death.
But since so iumpe vpon this bloodie question,
You from the Polake warres, and you from England
Are heere arriued. Giue order that these bodies
High on a stage be placed to the view,
And let me speake to th'yet vnknowing world,
How these things came about. So shall you heare
Of carnall, bloudie, and vnaturall acts,
Of accidentall iudgements, casuall slaughters
Of death's put on by cunning, and forc'd cause,
And in this vphot, purposes mistooke,
Falne on the Inuentors heads. All this can I
Truly deliuer.

For. Let vs hast to heare it,
And call the Noblest to the Audience.
For me, with sorrow, I embrace my Fortune,
I haue some Rites of memory in this Kingdome,

Which are to claime, my vantage doth
Inuite me,

Hor. Of that I shall haue alwayes cause to speake,
And from his mouth
Whose voyce will draw on more:
But let this same be presently perform'd,
Euen whiles mens mindes are wilde,
Lest more mischance
On plots, and errors happen.

For. Let foure Captaines
Beare *Hamlet* like a Soldier to the Stage,
For he was likely, had he bene put on
To haue prou'd most royally:
And for his passage,
The Souldiours Musicke, and the rites of Warre
Speake lowdly for him.
Take vp the body: Such a sight as this
Becomes the Field, but heere shewes much amis.
Go, bid the Souldiers shoote.

*Exeunt Marching: after the which, a Peale of
Ordenance are shot off.*

FINIS.

